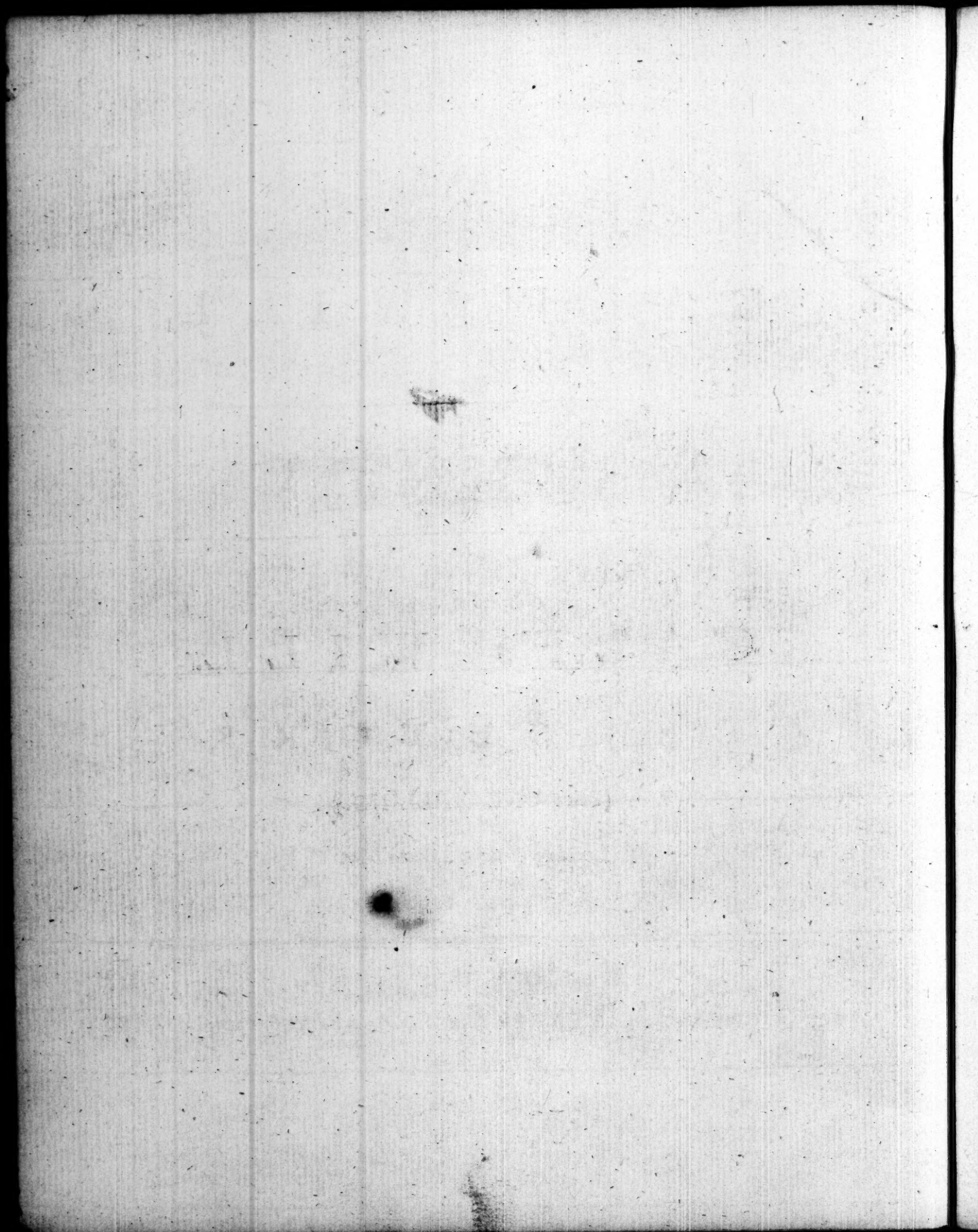


T H E

C A L F's W I L L.

(Price ONE SHILLING.)



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T H E

C A L F's W I L L,

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O F H I S

E X E C U T O R S,

" Le Sage entend a demi Mot:"

L O N D O N:

Printed for G. KEARSLEY, at No. 46, in FLEET-STREET,

M,DCC,LXXVII.

C. A. L. F. S. W. I. L. L.

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OF THE


EXHIBITION



To her Grace the D-----s of *****,

MADAM,

YOUR Grace's name has been so often bandied about in Print, that the Town are almost tired of reading it. The author of the subsequent lines has the *hardiesse* to attempt shewing, however you are near perfection, your Grace is not yet arrived at the height. 'Tis earnestly wished you may take the hint therein addressed.

"*Le Sage entend a demi Mot.*" Your Grace has an undoubted right to the Motto; you are blessed with an understanding superiour to  of your Sex. But to figure as the standard of Fashion, has been, and

is the rock you split on. Health, Fortune, and Beauty, are sacrificed at the shrine of that Idol.

You have it still in your power, Madam, to render yourself worthy of being admired, courted, and respected, by the rational part of the Creation. Your heart I believe to be good, and naturally inclined to every virtue, but your prudence has not been sufficient to guard you against the follies of the fashionable World. Experience should by this time have taught you how vain the pursuit of what is too generally called pleasure, and how empty and unsubstantial her blessings when enjoyed; Your Grace must have possess'd her in every shape, and if you will impartially lay your hand on your heart, I am assured you will own the truth of what I have asserted. Recall your reason, and those
princi-

principles you were educated in. Believe me, Madam, you will soon find that to be esteemed by the virtuous, is far preferable to being set up as a puppet for a train of insignificants to follow and admire; accept the Legacy, and become an Ornament to your Sex, and the exalted rank in which Heaven has thought proper to place you. I have the honour to be

YOUR GRACE's

Most Obedient Servant,

The EXECUTOR.

...of the

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T H E

C A L F's W I L L.

Y E Bards and Bardlings cease to laugh,

Attend the lowings of a Calf;

Ah such a Calf you'll never meet,

At Almack's, or St. James's Street.

My veins from * Hebe's Cow are full,

My dear Papa is good John Bull;

* The name given the Dutchess of D--- by the Author of her Cow.

B

But

But in this age of dissipation,

They mind not birth or education;

I might as well been some Calf Clown,

And rear'd an hundred miles from Town.

What boots, alas! my sprightly air,

My sparkling eyes, and auburn hair;

My budding horns, and look so wise,

If doom'd to fall a sacrifice?

Ah dreadfull force of gluttony,

To murder such a Calf as me!

But e'er the knife cuts off my days,

Before I'm fritter'd hundred ways;

For

For once I'll guide my faithfull quill,

And sound in mem'ry, make my will.

First then to D---n's Duke I leave,

My *Brains*: the legacy receive;

Tho' an addition to your store,

You had enough of them before.

To Hebe, famed for ev'ry grace,

Of matchless mien, of Heavenly face;

My *Prudence*, "precious gift thou art."

Ah place it Lady in your heart.

To H--r--g--n my *feet* for jelly,

'Twill strengthen more than vermicelli;

And

And if he can a little spare,

Give it Le Secretaire de Guerre.

And what *their* fair one, why forsooth,

To her I leave my whitest *tooth*.

Have I for thee no one bequest,

My Lord of S--d--h?--- yes, the best;

No youthfull W---y, an older Dame,

Religion is the Lady's name;

Nay frown not Lord, tho' truth she tell,

But as a stranger treat her well.

My good Lord O--f--w never hurry,

To you I give my *Oratory*;

And

And if to that you will attend,

You'll never be at the * *Fag end*.

Alas! poor C--h--m, why engage

In war of words, and party rage,

Unmindful of thy peevish age?

No more with eloquence thy speech

The pinnacle of Fame can reach;

But funk and fall'n, we know this truth,

Thou'rt old; I leave thee then my *youth*.

My *horns* to whom? Upon my life,

To M--rq--s L--d--y's future wife;

* See his Lordship's Speech in the Morning Post, 6th of June.

For all the World in this agree,

She will have none, unless from me.

Hail I--n--m! famed for virtuous mind,

For honest heart, and taste refin'd;

Thy noble deeds who can rehearse?

Fit subject for a Milton's verse;

From sin and every vice you fly;

Accept my *tongue*, which ne'er did lie.

If Lady ‡ B--- has no objection,

To her my *natural complexion*;

And pray, sweet Madam, do not faint,

If I forbid the use of paint;

‡ Lady B--m--f--de.

What

[11]

What to Sir Charles?--- why let me see,

Suppose my known *Oeconomy*.

Say, witty Reynard, is't not hard,

I leave thee neither dice nor card,

But musty notions clad in grey,

My great *antipathy* to *play*?

Your friendly Brokers, lest you wrong 'em,

My *patience* I shall part among 'em.

C--v--n, all eyes but your's can see

Your stupid blind credulity,

What fit contented all your life,

And be the Dupe of such a wife!

No

No, take *my eyes*, nor longer muse,

But give the wanton to the stews.

Know you a set of carping elves,

Staunch Patriots, as they call themselves;

Who full of spite, and void of grace,

Grumble because they're out of place?

Minority, hear, worthless crew,

I leave my *Loyalty* to you!

My *fat* bequeath to Little Tony,

"That Orator so lank, so bony,"

Mine own dear Cozen, sweet Sir Bull,

Of generous actions ever full,

Who

Who never took a double fee,

Be master of my *Modesty*.

My *Courage*, as a friendly lift,

Will be a prize to Hero Sw-ft;

For since he is Knight Errant grown,

He's not sufficient of his own.

I have a *Heart*, ye fair, fans guile,

On many a Calf you've deign'd to smile;

Then share the gift, 'tis worth your keeping,

Nor scold, like Juno, for the pippin.

D

Could

Could it be thought a Calf so wary,

Wou'd leave his *Rump* to * A---j---i?

Ah! let a dying beast prevail,

And throw away your silver tail.

The last dear gift I leave to you,

W--l--ks, keep my *Virtues* full in view;

Give o'er seditious enterprize,

And e'er it is too late, be wise;

* The celebrated Singer, who, from an accident she met with when young,---has been obliged to wear a silver plate á posteriori.

Left

Left, for thy sins, thou'rt sudden hurl'd,

To howl thy pains in t'other world;

Repent in time thy ill-spent life,---

But, ah! the Butcher, with his knife!

11:7:49

F I N I S.

1. 1. 1.

1. 1. 1. for the first, thou art hidden heart.

To howl thy pains in to other world;

Repent in time thy ill-spent life---

But, ah! the Butcher, with his knife!

Q. T. M. 1. 2.

Q. T. M. 1. 2.

Q. T. M. 1. 2.